



MARKING ON THE CURVE—AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Twonkey Crimseott was a professor. Choate Sigafos was a sophomore. Twonkey Crimseott was keen, cold, brilliant. Choate Sigafos was loose, vague, adenoidal. Twonkey Crimseott believed in diligence, discipline, and marking on the curve. Choate Sigafos believed in elves, Julie London, and thirteen hours of sleep each night.

Yet there came a time when Twonkey Crimseott—mentor, sage, and savant—was thoroughly outthought, outfoxed, outmaneuvered, outplayed, and out-witted by Choate Sigafos, sophomore.



It happened one day when Choate was at the library studying for one of Mr. Crimseott's exams in sociology. Mr. Crimseott's exams were murder—plain, flat murder. They consisted of one hundred questions, each question having four possible answers—A, B, C, and D. You had to check the correct answer, but the trouble was that the four choices were so subtly shaded, so intricately worded, that students more clever by far than Choate Sigafos were often set to gibbering.

So on this day Choate sat in the library poring over his sociology text, his tiny brow furrowed with concentration, while all around him sat the other members of the sociology class, every one studying like crazy, every one scared and pesty. Choate looked sadly at their stricken faces. "What a waste!" he thought. "All this youth, this verve, this bounce, chained to musty books in a musty library! We should be out singing and dancing and cutting didoes on the greensward! Instead we are here."

Then, suddenly, an absolute gasser of an idea hit Choate. "Listen!" he shouted to his classmates. "Tomorrow when we take the exam, let's all—every one of us—check Choice 'A' on every question—every one of them."

"Huh?" said his classmates.

"Oh, I know that Choice 'A' can't be the right answer to every question," said Choate. "But what's the difference? Mr. Crimseott marks on the curve. If we all check the same answers, then we all get the same score, and everybody in the class gets a 'C'."

"Huh," said his classmates.

"So why should we knock ourselves out studying?" said Choate. "Let's get out of here and have a ball!"

So they all ran out and lit Marlboro Cigarettes and had a ball, as indeed, you will too when you light a Marlboro, for if there ever was a cigarette to lift the spirit and gladden the heart, to dispel the shades of night, to knot up the ravelled sleeve of care, to put spring in your gait and roses in your cheeks, it is filtered Marlboros—firm and pure and fragrant and filled with rich, natural, golden tobacco. And, what's more, this darlin' smoke comes in soft packs that are actually soft and flip-top boxes that actually flip.

Well sir, the next morning the whole class did what Choate said, and, sure enough, they all got 'C's, and they picked Choate up and carried him on their shoulders and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and plied him with sweetmeats and Marlboros and girls and put on buttons which said "I DOTE ON CHOATE."

But they were celebrating too soon. Because the next time shrewd old Mr. Crimseott gave them a test, he did not give them one hundred multiple choice questions. He only gave them one question—to wit: write a 30,000 word essay on "Crime Does Not Pay."

"You and your ideas," they said to Choate and tore off his epaulets and broke his sword and drummed him out of the school. Today, a broken man, he earns a living as a carnschaft in Toledo.

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At the top of the curve of smoking pleasure, you'll find Marlboro Cigarettes, available at every tobacco counter in all fifty States of the Union.